

MAR -9 1922 ✓

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NINE POINTS OF THE LAW ✓

Photoplay in six reels ✓

✓ Story by L. V. Jefferson ✓

Scenario by Ford Beebe ✓

Directed by Wayne Mack ✓

Author of the photoplay (under Sec. 62)
Joan Film Sales Co. Inc. of the U. S. }

MAR -9 1925

ORY of a mysterious girl; a brave and honorable man, to whom Fate had dealt a bitter blow; another man, also brave, but far from honorable; and two little children, whose tiny hands guided the woman to happiness.

In the early days of the West towns were called to life overnight. The gold fever brought men and women from all parts of the world, the rough and the refined mingling as one in their search for fortunes.

The main centers of amusement were the dance halls, the Western Star, in Hell's Garden, being the most popular. And the success of the Western Star was due to Cherie Dubois, a tantalizing combination of charm and mystery.

Her personality caused envy among the less popular girls, who were ever anxious to learn something to her detriment. She was silent in regard to herself, making a confidant of no one. Scores of friends she made by her cheerful disposition, and if she had sorrows, no one knew them. Her lips were sealed unless she could speak well of those she knew.

Lem Wilson, the proprietor, was well aware of the prize he had in Cherie Dubois.

Her mysterious silence concerning herself, and her kindly attitude toward the needy, made her the drawing card of the Western Star.

Tales of easy money in Hell's Garden made it the goal of every gambler who had the nerve and courage to face the West and the life it had to offer. "Ace Walsh," formerly known as Fred Cullum, alighted one day from the stage, on his road to easy money. Walsh, a man with a tiger's strength, and quick alike with gun and card, entered the Western Star, bringing with him a package the stage coach driver asked him to deliver to "a girl named Cherie Dubois." As Walsh met Cherie Dubois he was sure that he had seen her before, but he tried in vain to stimulate his memory. In his excitement the package dropped to the floor, revealing its contents—baby clothes! The curiosity of the crowd was aroused, and embarrassing questions were asked.

Taking her package, Cherie hurried to a little cabin not far distant, where she was greeted by a little baby girl and her mother.

The maternal instinct was highly developed in Cherie's soul, for she loved to make children happy. Supreme happiness was hers when she saw how delighted the Willis' baby was over the new clothes. This ray of sunshine and joy came to an abrupt end by the entrance of Mrs. Prouty, the town busybody, who persuaded Mrs. Willis not to accept the clothes, declaring that they were "earned in sin and wickedness," even though the child was in sore need of them.

Bitter and heart-sick, Cherie returned to her home, while staggering across the burning desert came another actor in the drama, Bruce McLeod, parched in body and crazed by the mad fancies of the sun-scorched desert.

Near death, but buoyed up by the thought of his wife Martha and their baby boy, laden with the gold he had won, Bruce fought back his growing weakness and struggled on, not knowing that Martha and the boy were no longer at his home, but were now the tenants of the Burton place, a few miles out of Hell's Garden, where Martha was known as "Mrs. Cullum," and the baby boy played happily, unaware that "Daddy Cullum" was not his real father.

Fred Cullum, or "Ace Walsh," as he was now known, fascinated by Cherie, the mysterious, had tired of Martha, and deserted her. While Bruce McLeod staggered homeward through the burning desert to Martha and his boy, Walsh tried to make a new conquest, and received—a slap in the face, and Cherie's scornful declaration, "That gate is the dead line for all the boys." The rebuff maddened Walsh, accustomed to have his way in all things. He determined to bide his time, satisfied that eventually he would have his revenge. Scant thought did he give to Bruce McLeod, now cared for by loving hands, fighting his way back to health and strength, and receiving the bitterest blow man can take—the news that he has lost his wife and child.

So summer waned, and fall was ushered in with a cold and steady rain. Sickness followed in its wake, and one of the victims was the little child Cherie loved. The mother had listened to Mrs. Prouty when her baby was well, but in time of need—she thought of the kind-hearted dance-hall girl, and came to her for aid. Memories of the little child she had tried to befriend flashed before Cherie's eyes, the same child now sick, perhaps dying. "Old-timers" still tell of Cherie's ride through the terrific storm which swept the country, how she found the doctor at the Burton place and sent him to the baby's bedside, where he won a hard fight with death. But Cherie remained at the Burton house to care for a woman who seemed to be slowly recovering

from a severe illness, and so the whole course of Cherie's life was changed.

The sick woman had a child, a pretty golden-haired boy, and upon him Cherie lavished all the love of her starved heart. For hours she held him in her arms, only stirring to minister to the sick woman.

Midnight came, and a stranger rode through the rain to the Burton house to inquire the way to Canyon City. The man was Bruce McLeod, now grim and bitter, living only to exact vengeance upon the man and woman who had ruined his life. The door opened, and he stepped out of the rain, into the house, to meet a smiling young woman who seemed to him to typify the very essence of home and happiness. Her presence suddenly brought the sunshine into Bruce's heart, while Cherie, accustomed to rebuff all men, felt an instinctive liking for this stalwart stranger. She prepared food for him, and they talked, feeling as though they had known each other for years, while in the room beyond the sick woman recognized the voice of the stranger, and knew him to be the husband she had wronged. She screamed, and when Cherie came to her she begged her to send the man away, frantically declaring that he was an enemy in search of her. Fearing a relapse, Cherie asked the stranger to summon the doctor. He left the house, carrying with him memories of a woman far different from poor weak Martha.

With the coming of dawn the troubled soul of Martha had found rest, while Cherie's heart was filled with happiness when the doctor told her that she could keep the boy. So Cherie took the baby to her home, and there she met the stranger once more, and the hearts of both were glad. Bruce noticed how the child resembled his own child, but never dreamed that it could be his; but the recollection and Cherie's ready sympathy led him to tell her of his ruined life, the wife whose selfishness drove him out into the desert to find gold, the baby whom he might never see again.

Bruce went away in search of Cullum, while Intuition, that friend of woman, read his heart—and the world looked very bright to Cherie.

She was so happy! And yet in a few minutes she was with her back to the wall, fighting to keep the baby away from the clutches of Mrs. Prouty and her bigoted followers. Mrs. Prouty declared that Cherie was not fit to raise the child, and smiled with malice as she saw the girl's dismay. But her triumph was short-lived. Cherie, white-lipped, exclaimed: "Who says it's not mine?" And her question ended the argument.

That evening Bruce McLeod found a dance-hall girl struggling in the embrace of a man. Much as he despised these women, his innate chivalry made him go to her rescue. The man skulked off, and Bruce did not know he was the one of whom he was in search, but the girl was the woman he had grown to love! Anger succeeded surprise, and he bitterly denounced her, telling her that the doctor had told him that she had his child, but had not told him the whole truth, for he had thought she was one of the finest women he had ever known, the kind that men love and respect.

Heartbroken, Cherie returned to her home, and there she made her decision—to give up the child to its father, and then—go away forever. She took the baby to the dance hall, held it tenderly in her arms for a moment, and said, "Kiss Cherie bye bye, sonny, and run to your daddy." The child toddled off straight to a table where Bruce McLeod sat with Cullum, and cried out "Daddy Cullum, take baby."

Then Bruce McLeod knew that his long search was over, knew that Cullum stood before him. The fight that followed was long and bitter, but finally Cullum lay helpless on the floor and Bruce McLeod held his baby in his arms. Every one crowded around Bruce, every one except Cherie, the disgraced, and Cullum the vanquished, reaching, unnoticed, for his revolver, summoning all his strength to kill his conqueror. He leveled the pistol at Bruce McLeod. In another moment he would have fired, when Cherie sprang between Bruce and the child and the death that threatened them!

A shot rang out, and Cullum collapsed on the floor. An on-looker had fired just in time.

Once more the people of the Western Star thronged around Cherie Dubois, trying in their awkward way to apologize for their harshness.

Bruce knew a better way. He placed his child in Cherie's arms, and as she caressed the baby lovingly he exclaimed, "You brave little woman! Why did you risk your life for us?"

Cherie looked at Bruce, and he read the answer in her eyes. Straws were drawn to see who would be the first to break the news to Mrs. Prouty, who had tried vainly to destroy a beautiful character and steal that which is dear to all of us—reputation.

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NINE POINTS OF THE LAW (6 reels)

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MAR 11 1922

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